My heart to her, but as guestwise, soiourn'd:
And now to *Helen*, is it home returnd,
There to remaine.
Lys. *Helen*, it is not so.
Deme. Disparage not the faith, thou dost not know;
Least to thy peril, thou aby it deare.
Looke where thy loue comes: yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Darke night, that from the eye, his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes.
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
It payes the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not, by myne eye, *Lysander*, found:
Mine eare, I thanke it, brought me to thy sound.
But why, vnkindly, didst thou leaue mee so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom loue doth presse to go?
Her. What loue could presse *Lysander*, from my side?
Lys. *Lysanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*: who more engilds the night
Then all yon fiery oes, and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee so?
Her. You speake not as you thinke: It cannot bee.
Hel. Lo: she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,
To fashion this false sport, in spight of mee.
Iniurious *Hermia*, most vngratefull maide,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd
To baite mee, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the howers that we haue spent,
When we haue chid the hastie footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All schooldaies friendshippe, childhood innocence?
VVee, *Hermia*, like two artificiall gods,

Haue